THE
Gentleman's Journal:
OR THE MONTHLY
MISCELLANY.

In a Letter to a Gentleman in the Country.

Consisting of *News*, *History*, *Philosophy*, *Poetry*, *Musick*, *Translations*, &c.

NOVEMBER, 1693.

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Where are to be had Compleat Sets, or single ones, for the last Year.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE GENTLEMAN's JOURNAL: OR THE *MONTHLY MISCELLANY.*

NOVEMBER, 1693.

MUſt I, Sir, always trouble you with Apologies for my Delays? The *Journal* for *October* was kept back a while, in expectation of ſome Pieces from Perſons of Quality of that Sex that chiefly contributed to it; and this would have appeared ſoon after it, had I not been engaged to unravel the longeſt and fineſt Enigma that ever was writ, I mean the incomparable Works of *Rabelais*. The Gentleman who had reviſed the Tranſlation, having excuſed himſelf, after it was printed, from giving the Life of that Author, and a Key to that myſterious and moſt diverting Book, ſo much deſired by all the ingenious, I was prevailed with to attempt them. Nor can I repent me of that bold undertaking, ſince my performancehas the good fortune not to be diſapproved by the perſons whom I chiefly ſtudied to pleaſe.

To ſhow you that I am no leſs careful to gratify you, I begin with

An ODE upon His Majeſty's Birth-day, Set to Muſick by Dr. *Staggins*; and Perform'd before Their MAJESTIES, *Nov.* 4. 1693.

The Words by *N. Tate*, Servant to Their Majeſties.

SOund a Call, the Tritons *ſing,*
Summon'd by their Vocal Shells,
From Coral Beds and Chryſtal Cells,
Up the joyful Nereids *ſpring;*
Sound a Call the Tritons *ſing.*

What makes Neptune's *Court appear,*
Circled on a dancing Wave?
The Day's arriv'd, 'tis come, 'tis here,
That Birth to CÆSAR, *Joy to* Europe *gave.*
See the Sacred Quire descending,
Earth and Sea your Song attending;
Crown the Day that Crowns the Year.

'Twas NOW, *the threatning Tempest past,*
We saw his Welcome Anchors cast,
Flags display'd, and Streamers free
As what they brought us, Liberty.
Liberty the Sailors cry'd,
Liberty the Shores reply'd.

Successor of Great Hercules,
When will thy Labours, when thy Dangers cease?
Thy Courage and thy Toils
Have long deserv'd Nemæan *Spoils.*
Why are thy Triumphs then retarded?
Why such Virtue Unrewarded?

Chor. *The Promis'd Blessing's but Delay'd,*
With greater Interest to be Paid.
Mighty Births, in Teeming longest,
Make amends for their Delay:
Shades of Night are ever strongest,
Just before the Break of Day.

Gallick *Force in vain is striving,*
Gallick *Fraud in vain contriving,*
Hope and CÆSAR *still surviving.*
Drooping Europe's *State to Raise,*
And yet assure Successful Days,
Undaunted CÆSAR *Fights, Devout* MARIA *Prays.*

CHORUS.

'Twas Constancy could only prove
Alcides the true Son of *Jove*;
Heads of *Hydra* still Renewing,
And the Hero still Subduing;
Till with Unwearied Valour prest,
At last the Monster fell, the World at last had Rest.

Here

Here are ſome Verſes that ſeem made to accompany the foregoing Ode.

To the King, by Mr. *J. Tutchin.*

WElcome, great Monarch, from the Toils of War,
Our Guardian Angel, and our Morning Star!
No ill ſucceſs ſhould noble Souls diſturb.
He who retreated once, controul'd this Orb.
Succeſs and Valour ſometimes are at odds;
This forms the Hero, 't other give the Gods.
Had all your Army equal Courage ſhown,
The Gallick *Standards had been all our own;*
Like ſome immortal Oak your Palms had ſtood,
Fixt in the Feild, manur'd with Gallick *Blood.*
A heedleſs Courage may an Army beat;
Nothing but Conduct makes a ſafe Retreat.
Now from the Scenes of War you ſafe are come,
What Strifes, what endleſs Toils you find at home!
Beſet with Villains thirſting for your Blood,
That grieve at nothing but their Country's Good:
Puniſh but theſe, let theſe of Juſtice ſhare;
Be bold in Council, as you are in War.
Princes ſubdu'd ſhall on your Triumphs wait,
And Heav'n it ſelf ſhall wonder at your Fate.

A Diſcourſe on Statues may very well be plac'd by theſe poetical Monuments of a Prince who deſerves to have *Coloſſi* rais'd to his Glory. Take therefore the following Eſſay

Of STATUES, by Dr. *R.*

STatues owe their Original to the love and veneration that People had for great Men. Before Sculpture was invented, the Lances of Heroes were ſacredly preſerv'd in memory of their Valor, Afterwards Pillars and other Monuments were erected to 'em; and at laſt the Secret was found out of making them, in a manner, Immortal, by the means of Statues of Marble and Braſs. This Cuſtom had its riſe in *Greece*, whence it paſs'd into *Italy* with all the noble Arts.

Thoſe of *Romulus* and his Succeſſors which were preſerv'd for many Ages in the Capitol, were almoſt the only Statues that were in *Rome* during the time that the Sovereign Power was in the hands of Kings. Thoſe of *Brutus*, *Horatius Cocles*, of *Clelia*, and a great number of others, were erected ſoon after; and theſe marks of Honour became ſo common in proceſs of time by the liberty which Men took of cauſing Statues to be ſet up to themſelves on the leaſt pretences, that it was order'd, that thoſe which had been erected there without the authority of the Senate or People, ſhou'd be taken out of all publick places.

The Right of decreeing Statues remain'd then in the Senate and People, till the time of the Emperors; and this was a new ſtimulation to Virtue among the *Romans*; for theſe Monuments being eſteem'd as the true recompence of great Actions, there was no body but was ambitious of 'em. The very Women were not excluded; and all the complaints of *Cato* during the time that he was Cenſor cou'd not hinder, but that they were decreed to 'em, not only in the Provinces, but even in *Rome* itſelf, where the Statues of Strangers, and thoſe of their very Enemies ſometimes were receiv'd; ſo great a veneration they had for Virtue. Under the firſt Emperors the number of Statues encreas'd to the higheſt point. Even thoſe of *Sejanus*, one of *Tiberius*'s Favourites, were almoſt innumerable. The Temples, the Palaces, the Portico's, the Amphitheatres, the Baths, the Streets, and publick places were all fill'd with Statues, which Merit or Flattery had caus'd to be erected, which made one of the Ancients ſay, *That there were in* Rome *a People of Marble and Braſs, which equall'd the Citizens in number.*

Caligula and *Claudius* oppos'd the Attempts of ſome particular Perſons who uſurp'd this Honour. The firſt forbid any Statue ſhou'd be ſet up without his Order; and this Prohibition was renew'd a long time after under great Penalties, by a Law of the Emperors *Arcadius* and *Honorius*. T'other committed the Right of ordaining Statues to the Senate. And in effect the conſent of the Senate was always thereto requir'd, particularly under good Emperors. This is confirm'd again by a great number of Inſcriptions, where is to be ſeen *the Decree of the Senate join'd with the Authority of the Prince.* However, Statues were never decreed but on account of ſome conſiderable ſervice done to the Commonwealth in War, or in the Magiſtracy, and generally mention'd in the Decree with the matter, the quality of the Statue, and the place where it ought to be ſet up.

As to the matter, the chief and most ancient was Brass, and these were such as were properly call'd Statues. In which also Marble was as particularly made use of, and sometimes Silver, Gold and Ivory. The Statues of Silver began to be in use in the Reign of *Augustus*, but his modesty not allowing the custom of it, he caus'd his own at last to be melted down, but it was not so with his Successors, principally *Domitian*, who commanded that all those that were rais'd to him, shou'd be of Gold and Silver, and of a certain weight. *Caligula*, *Claudius* and *Commodus* had Statues of Gold, and there yet appear'd something of the *Roman* Magnificence in the time of *Theodosius*, for whom *Arcadius* caus'd one to be made in Silver that weigh'd near 7400 Pounds.

The Figures of Wax which Persons of Quality had a Right to expose in the Porches of Houses, to speak properly, were not Statues. They were the Images of their Ancestors, which were carry'd in State at the Funerals of those of that Family, and which were that day dress'd according to their degree or condition, to put Men in mind of the Rank they held in the Commonwealth. But this Right, call'd *The Right of Images*, belong'd to none but Persons distinguish'd by their Birth, by their Dignity, or by their brave Actions, and these Images were in effect the usual proof of Nobility among the *Romans*.

Four sorts of Statues are found in Antiquity: The Colossal, the Curule, the Equestral, and the Statues on foot. The Colossal were of an extraordinary bigness, and usually made for the Gods. *Nero* was the first *Roman* Emperor that caus'd these Statues to be made for him. *Zenodorus* made one for him of an 110 Foot high: But this Prince dying almost at the same time, it was consecrated to the Sun. *Commodus* had the head of it taken off, and his own put in the room of *Nero*'s. *Hadrian*, and *Alexander Severus* likewise erected Colossal Statues; the first for *Ælius* in all the Provinces of the Empire, the other in *Rome*, whither upon this occasion he had drawn all the most excellent Artists in the world. There is mention made of another Statue begun for the Emperor *Gallienus*, which shou'd have been a degree higher than the ordinary Colossi, but it cou'd not be finish'd, and was neglected by his Successors.

The Statues call'd *Curules*, were plac'd upon Chariots with two or four Horses, and were decreed to them who had triumph'd, or who had extended the limits of the *Roman* Empire; with these Statues *Augustus* honour'd most of his Generals. They are also to be seen of him and his Successors upon Medals, where the Chariots are drawn by Elephants; and all this was deriv'd from the *Greeks*, who

bestow'd

beſtow'd ſuch kind of Honours upon their victorious Wreſtlers.

As to Equeſtral Statues, that of *Clelia* ſhews that the uſe of 'em was very ancient at *Rome*; and it is evident that *Seneca* has thence taken occaſion to reproach the Men of his Age; that they ought to bluſh to appear on a Litter in a Town where the Women had deſerv'd Statues on Horſe-back. In the mean time theſe Statues were never ſo frequent there as they were in *Greece*; and it is not known that ever any *Roman* caus'd ſix and twenty Equeſtral Statues to be made all at one time, after the example of *Alexander*, for ſo many Horſemen kill'd in one Fight. All that Hiſtory and Medals teach us, is, that ſome Emperors had ſuch Statues. The Poets have celebrated that of *Domitian*, which, for its bigneſs, they have compar'd to the *Trojan* Horſe; and that of *Marcus Aurelius* is to be ſeen at *Rome* this day.

As for Statues a' Foot, there were more of 'em than of all the other together: It is likewiſe the moſt natural ſtate, and that which expreſſes the air and port, and that beſt ſuits with majeſtic perſons. Theſe *Statues* were commonly divided into three ſorts; one ſort were leſs than the Life, as the Images of Emperors, which were carry'd before the Legions; the other as big as the Life, with which the merit of particular Perſons was rewarded; and the other larger, which belong'd only to Emperors.

Theſe laſt were erected with great magnificence. They were dedicated to thoſe for whom they were made, and put under the protection of the Gods. Panegyrics, public Games, Plays, Feaſts, and large Donatives, made up part of the Ceremony, and theſe were repeated every year. They were crown'd with Flowers. Incenſe and Sacrifices were offer'd to 'em as to the Gods. They ſerv'd as a refuge to ſuch as fled to 'em; and Kings have been ſeen to come and lay down their Crowns on their Pedeſtals. The Statues of particular Perſons did ſometimes partake or all theſe Honours, and were before the time of the *Cæſars*; a Prætor having deſerv'd that one ſhould be erected to him in every ſtreet, for fixing a title on the Money. Incenſe was offer'd to 'em, and Flambeau's were lighted all round about 'em. There was in *Rome* a Magiſtrate eſtabliſh'd purpoſely for the preſervation of the Statues. He had Guards under him who were accountable for them with the loſs of life, and who watch'd there night and day to ſee that they were not prophan'd; *As if they were not inviolable of themſelves*, ſays an Author. Fire was lighted about 'em on purpoſe, and ſerv'd likewiſe to honour theſe Monuments, it being a ſovereign mark of Honour among the

he *Romans*, who caus'd it to be carry'd before their Princes.

This is one part of what is moſt remarkable of the Statues of great Men, and what has been the uſage of 'em among the *Romans*. Much more might be added to this, to ſhew, by example, the difference between Statues, Signs, Images, and *Simulacra*, to ſpeak of the Statues of the Gods, their Original, their Kinds, their Conſecration, and their Worſhip; to compare the Statues of the *Romans* with thoſe of the *Grecians*, and other Nations; to ſearch into the excellent Statuaries of Antiquity, and the Fate of their Works: But this would carry us too far, and thoſe who wou'd know more of it, may conſult the Book of *Em. Frigelius de Statuis Illuſtrium Romanorum*.

After all, the moſt laſting Monuments are thoſe which Poets raiſe, as *Ovid* well obſerves: In imitation of whoſe Thought the following Lines were made *Extempore*, in my Company, by Mr. *W.*

Marble or Braſs devouring Time may waſte,
But Wit as long as circled Time ſhall laſt:
That ever lives, nor can to Death to ſubmit;
No Tomb he needs whoſe Monument's his Wit.

Let thoſe *Extempore* Lines be followed by theſe, which were made in as little time, by Mr. *Salusbury*, on the firſt news of the Naval Victory obtain'd in the laſt year by Admiral *Ruſſel*.

That Raging Comet that has wither'd France,
Clad like the Sun, for England *does advance;*
Ploughs up the Billows of the ſwelling Main,
And ſcarcely can it ſelf for Pride contain.
But lo! great Ruſſel, *in its full Career,*
Strikes it with Thunder firſt, and then with Fear.
Hail! mighty Admiral, great Heir of Fame!
The Gallic *Demon trembles at thy Name.*

I have here ſeveral other ſhort pieces that may be properly enough plac'd by theſe. The firſt is an Epigram by Sir *Charles Sedley*.

To CLOE.

Leave off thy Paint, Perfumes, and Youthful Dreſs,
And Nature's Failing honeſtly confeſs:
Doubly we ſee thoſe faults which Art would mend;
Plain downright Ugline ſs would leſs offend.

Here

Here is another also on a Painted Lady; it was made long ago, tho not seen.

On a Living Picture.

YE youthful Fair, no longer boast your Charms,
Tho to their Pow'r we yield our Arms.
Your Red and White, to Nature due,
Not by your skill, but her's, now please in You:
While Lydia's *Art can Nature's Stint out last,*
Paintress at once, and Picture too:
See how she blooms ev'n when her Autumn's past,
And a Complexion does command,
Due only to her skilful hand:
Her hand, which in an hour repairs
The Injuries of Sixty Years.

Take also this, which I know not what to call

On *SYLVIA.*

A Swarm of Sparks young, gay and bold,
Lov'd Silvia *long but she was cold.*
Int'rest and Pride the Nymph controul'd,
So they in vain their Passion told.
At last came Dulman, *he was old,*
Nay he was ugly, but had Gold:
He came and saw and took the hold,
While Brother Beaux *their loss condol'd;*
Some say she's wed, I say she's sold.

On Humility, by *Rosalinda.*

THE fairest Virtues never shine so bright,
As when Humility would cloud 'em quite.
Veils add to Beauty, and the more we seem
To court Contempt, the more we get Esteem.

Here is also an Epigram sent me subscribed *Hind.*

To these I subjoin some Verses on a Mould on a Lady's Breast, by Sir *T. D.*

A While the new Creation wanted Light,
And Nature's Birth-Day was a gloomy Night.
Let there be Light, *was said; strait Light appear'd,*
And from their mournfull State the various Beauties clear'd:
For Men could ne'er have seen what God had made,
Had not his Glory over-shin'd the Shade.
But the Creation, blind with too much Light,
Would find your Breast for mortal Eyes too bright,
Did not, between each dazzling Hemisphere,
Kindly an interposing Mould appear:
Nor could we e're have seen their Charms display'd,
Were not their Lustre temper'd by that Shade.
As, reading in a Room, when Light and Heat
With pointed Fury on our Temples beat,
If with a Veil we moderate the Rays,
A milder Light then wantons on the Face;
So Nature, when this Copy she begun,
And meant to make the Book it self a Sun,
Took Pity on our Eyes, and plac'd this Spot,
Yet made the Writing fairer by the Blot.

I was favoured by a Lady with a Letter that speaks so favourably of a State that wants such Advocates, that I hope she will pardon the boldness which I assume to publish it here.

SIR,

THo' 'tis a long time since I writ any thing in Rhime, (for I cannot call it Verse, knowing it doth not merit that title,) yet meeting accidentally with your Journal for October, *which was the first I ever read of them, and finding Matrimony much decried by the Ladies, I could not forbear saying something in its Vindication; it being really my opinion, that it is the most happy state of Life, where the right ends of Marriage are observed. I am not ignorant that there are many unhappy Marriages, and many Causes of their being so: And, amongst the rest, I know not any more frequent than the impatience of most Women to live in subjection. They are much of the humour of other Subjects, and think themselves Slaves when they cannot be Masters; when both the one and the other might have as much liberty as were advantageous for them, if*

they did not ſtrive for more. And their Fate is commonly alike too: for by ſuch unnatural Rebellions they uſually bring upon themſelves that ſlavery in earneſt, which they feared without reaſon; when a Wife, who is willing to ſubmit to her Husband's pleaſure in things that are reaſonable, may eaſily oblige him not to deſire any thing of her that is not ſo: This I can ſay by experience, having been a Wife almoſt half the time I have lived in the World, and neither my ſelf, nor my Husband, (as I verily believe) did ever repent our Marriage: I wiſh all Married people could ſay the ſame, Ladies would not then be ſo afraid to venture on that Honourable State. But this pleaſing ſubject makes me forget my ſelf, and give you more trouble than I deſigned: but pardon it, 'tis the firſt, and perhaps may be the laſt from

Your unknown Friend and Servant,

Placidia.

Anſwer to *Orithya*, in *October*, by *Placidia*.

YOur Charms, fair Amazonian Maid,
Alone can make Men yield;
Then call not for Confederate's Aid,
Which never won the Field:
In any heart, you pleaſe to chuſe,
You may erect your Throne;
If you your Conqueſt nobly uſe,
And rule by Love alone.

No Nymph, or Prince can ere reign long,
Who practice Cruelty;
The Bonds of Love are much more ſtrong
Than thoſe of Tyranny:
If Pow'r ſometimes by force we gain,
We conquer but in part;
That Monarch moſt ſecure does Reign
Who rules the Subject's heart.

Anſwer to the ſame, for Matrimony, by *Placidia*.

NAture, 'tis true, has grac'd our Sex with Charms,
But ne'er deſign'd we ſhould employ thoſe Arms
To break the Laws ſhe does on us impoſe,
For whom Subjection, and not Rule, ſhe choſe:

Women

Women are Subjects born, and must give way,
First to their Parents Wills, then Husband's sway.
The only Pow'r Heav'n do's to us permit:
Is but the choice, to whom we will submit:
And happy she who prudently does chuse!
A gen'rous Man will not his Pow'r abuse:
And if his Heart and Hand she does receive,
Why should she be unwilling hers to give?
What greater Glory can a Virgin have,
Than to make him a King, who was her Slave?
Nor doth she in that Act give Pow'r away,
She still may rule, that knows how to obey:
She o're her Husbands gratefull Mind shall reign,
And share his Pleasures, eas'd of half his Pain.
Love will no harsh Injunctions on us lay;
And where we love, 'tis easy to obey.
Credit this Truth from me, who long have been
A Wife; and would not change to be a Queen:
So much my deareſt Conſtant's *Love I priſe,*
That I, for it, an Empire could deſpiſe.

These Verses on Marriage naturally make way for an *Epithalamium.*

To *H. M.* Esq; on his Marriage: By Mr. *J.*

HAil! happy Youth, whoſe Eloquence could move
The Coy Myrtilla's *Heart to yield to Love:*
But oh! what Nymph your merit could deny;
Or when you wooe, what Virgin would not ſigh?
Such blooming years, with ſolid wiſdom crown'd,
So rarely heard of, or ſo ſeldom found!
Tho' we admir'd Myrtilla *ere comply'd,*
We ſhould have ſtartled had you been deny'd.
Now, thus with Love's and Beauty's Treaſures bleſt,
May they by you whole Ages be poſſeſt.
No Storms of Fate diſturb your peacefull Hours,
But eaſy Gales of laſting Joy be yours.
Age in his winter Arms no Sorrows bring,
But both enjoy Love's ever-blooming Spring.
May all the future Off-ſpring of your Bed
In pleaſing Tracts of equal Bliſs be led.

A Stock of Worth, ſo vaſt as yours, muſt raiſe
Objects of univerſal Love and Praiſe.
The Mother's Beauty, with the Father's Mind,
When in your wond'rous Sons we ſee 'em joyn'd,
It will at once employ our double Care
To bleſs the Men, and tremble for the Fair.

I have here an account of a very true Adventure, happen'd, as you will ſee, on the King's Birth-day. The Style is as exactly as poſſible anſwerable to the way of taulk of the Parties concern'd.

The Quaker's Gambols.

OF all the days in the Year, it fell out on the *fourth* of the *ninth* month, on the *ſeventh* day of the week, about the *fifth hour* in the Evening, (for I love to be punctual,) that the Spirit moved ſome *wet friends* to meet together, with a *Cup of the Creature* to refreſh the *outward Man*—— At a *Wine Tavern*, diſtinguiſht from all others by a Sign terrible and uncouth, of the *Cappadocian Knight* with a Ravenous *Vulture*, there were aſſembled *Aminadab* the Hoſier, *Friend Ephraim* with *Mehetabel* his Wife, and *Nehemiah Kaicht* the Conſtable. To theſe had aſſociated himſelf, upon a Call from *Friends*, *Shadrach Carnall*, one of the *World*, who had not his Converſation altogether with the *Children of the Light*; but, to help them out at a Merry-meeting, was ſometimes intreated to make up the number.

After many a large Go-down, ſwallow'd with abundance of chearfulneſs, by the whole *Fraternity*, (not excluding *Siſter Mehetabel*,) *Ephraim*, ſtanding up, with a brimmer in *one* hand, and the *other* on his breaſt, having firſt diſcharged the brittle Veſſel of its Liquor, and thereby ſupported his *frail body*, thus addreſs'd himſelf to the Company: "Methinks, *Friends*, (quoth he, *with a ſigh*) we "cannot ſo conveniently enjoy our ſelves in a *Tabernacle* ſo public, "and expoſed to the Eye of the *wicked* as this is; Therefore is it "my requeſt unto you all, that with one conſent we convey our "ſelves to the place of my aboad. *Aminadab*, who by this time had fill'd himſelf a Bumper, haſtily drank it off, and pertly reply'd: "Thy motion, *Friend Ephraim*, ſavours of much Love, and but "that we are under ſome fears of becoming troubleſome to thy "houſhold, we ſhould chearfully comply with thy deſire. *Mehitabel* here interrupting him, cry'd out, "*Aminadab*, the Invitation "which thy *friend Ephraim* makes thee, proceeds ſo much from "the heart, that thou wilt be very unkind, if thou conſenteſt not

"to go

" to his intreaty. The Offer was too fair to be any farther disputed: So that turning her self to *Shadrach Carnall* with a *friendly glance*; " And *Shadrach*, saith she, though thee beest not *one of us*, " yet art thou *free* to make one amongst us. *Carnall*, who had wished for nothing more, kindly returns her complement in an Air and Tone, which discover'd him the most pleas'd Man of them all at that motion; and so much the greater was his satisfaction, that her *kind Husband* should be the *mistaken contriver* of his expected bliss. A parting Glass went round, the Drawer was rung up, the Reckoning paid, a *Leathern convenience* attended 'em at the door; which *friends* entring without Ceremony, the Coachman was order'd to drive on to *Ephraim*'s house, about three miles out of Town. A Thousand amorous Passages diverted *Shadrach* and his little *trembling* Mistriss; who being seated opposite to each other, had by that means a fair opportunity of squeezing hands, mingling leggs, and (in a word) of acting what-ever prompted to by Love and Convenience; which was so much the greater now, for that our *three male Quakers* were enter'd into a violent Debate about the grand Affairs of the Nation.

Nehemiah Kaicht, whose Office bespoke him a Man of equal Loyalty and Sense, thus opens himself first: *Aminadab*, thou art en- " deared to me on a double account, not only as a *Neighbour*, but " as *one of the Truth*; and therefore it is, that highly tendring thy " welfare, I do sincerely admonish thee to be less violent against the " present Establishment: thou well knowest how deceitfully *James* " dealt with us, how he prevaricated over and over again; And —— Here *Aminadab*, no longer able to contain himself, in a furious heat cries out, " And *thou*, *Nehemiah*, art thou not yet brought " to see things more clearly? with what face canst thou revile the " *Lord's anointed*, who deliver'd *friends* out of their bondage and thral- " dom, after they had for a long season born a *heavy persecution*? " Yea verily; and hath not that *most eminent friend* W. P. witnessed, " and bore a Testimony to the Uprightness of *all James* his designs? He ran on at this extravagant rate, in Cant of the same kind, to the Silencing of *poor Nehemiah*, and the Astonishment of *Brother Ephraim*, who was so ravisht with his discourse, that he had not the least leisure to take notice how busie *Intriguing Carnall* was with his Wife; till being now got full two miles on their way to a little Village, *Ephraim* looking out of the Coach, spying the *King's-head* in a Sign, eagerly invites his Company there to refresh themselves with one Glass, wherein they might wash away the Feuds which were risen between *Aminadab* and *Nehemiah Kaicht*; not forgetting *James*: " Faith, with all my heart, cries *honest Shadrach*, who had only heard

heard the laſt word, and was ſo fond of Reviving the Memory of his *Abdicated friend* in a Bottle, that he even forgot the Charms of his *preſent Miſtriſs*. The Coach ſtops, and is order'd to await this *bleſſed Society*, who were now ſeated, and prepar'd, by almoſt an hours abſtinence, each one for his Flask, which they took no long time to conquer; and (to be ſhort) the *good creature* had by this ſo far inſpir'd our *Zealot Aminadab*, that reſting his Hat on the hinder part of his head, with one Toſs backward, down falls the *Beaver*, and up goes the *Glaſs*, with a *Remembring James*. *Nehemiah*, who hitherto ſeem'd of another Kidney, forgetting at once, and fore-going his duty, ſacrificed that and his Reaſon to the power of the Wine, and the importunity of *Friends*, and ſaid, *He would do him right*. The reſt needed not any perſwaſion; only 'tis to be remembred, that *Mehetabel* was not the backwardeſt at Toſſing about the Glaſs to her *paramour Shadrach*. With the next Flask, my Landlord muſt be call'd up, and had the Health offer'd him with many an Oath by *Carnall* (who ſwore for the reſt, it being againſt their principle) but *mine Hoſt* diſcover'd himſelf a Man of more honeſty than they thought for, and with ſcorn refuſing their Impoſitions, immedrately ſent for a *Conſtable*, thinking this way to ſecure his unruly Gueſts, whom now he grew weary of; tho' herein he was miſtaken; for *Shadrach* (a very Dragon at Fiſticuffs) without delay ſtripping himſelf to the Waſte, heartned by the Liquor, and the engagements of *friends* (who aſſur'd him of their help if he needed it) attacques the *Mid-night Magiſtrate* with ſuch vigour and gallantry, that, aided by the *Outward aſſiſtance of the Inlightned ones*, who by this time thought fit to fall on, *altogether*, they even threatned death to the *defeated Conſtable*; who being thus over-power'd, thought of nothing but how he might make good his retreat, which with much difficulty he effected, being aided therein by a Drawer or two. Away poſts he for a detachment of *drowſie Mirmidons*, while in the interim *Mehetabel*, who had been all this time a witneſs of *Carnall's* Valour, and had feaſted her Eyes upon the *naked Hero*, was no longer able to refrain from embracing him, with an extraordinary tranſport of Paſſion; and by a thouſand extravagant Endearments, at laſt rouſed the Jealouſy of the *ſtupify'd Widgeon her Husband*; and ſo highly did ſhe provoke him, that tho' ſcarce recover'd from the diſorders into which the late Battel had thrown him, barbarouſly he attacques the *weaker Veſſel*; and pulling off her *diminutive Coif*, thus inraged, he *deliver'd* himſelf unto her: "THOU the Wife of my "Boſom, art thou become as *one of the Wicked?* would'ſt thou de-"file my Bed, and fix an everlaſting Scandal on my *Head* and Houſe? He would have held forth as long as a *Bull-and-Mouth friend of the Miniſtery*;

Miniſtery; but an interruption was given to his harangue, by the formidable appearance of the *Conſtable*, with his *Recruits*, before whom now *friends* began to *Quake*, *even as at the firſt breaking forth of the Light*: Nay, and *Shadrach* with all his courage *trembled exceedingly*, and *in that* he *became* as one of the *perfect*. Upon this they think no more of Reſiſtance, and agreeably enough to *Magiſtrate's* inclinations, they beg for a Compoſition, which was readily granted, the Terms agree'd upon, the Money paid, and *friends deliver'd* from the *terror* and *ſhame* of the *Cage*: —— Their *dreadfull Foe* withdrawn, and with him their Fears, *Friends*, think now of a *concluding Bottle*, (and indeed about One in the Morn' 'twas high time to think of going) *Mehetabel*, who had been meditating Revenge on *her fool*, for the diſgrace he had put upon her, as if by meer accident, let's fall *that one Candle* which was ſet up for *Shadrach Carnall*, (Friends not deſiring any for themſelves, as having each a *Light within* 'em.) With much groping, when *Ephraim* had happily lit on the extinguiſht Candle, down ſtairs he thunders to get *freſh Light* to it: In this while his *kind Wife* finding her *bowels yearn within her*, after her dear *Carnall*, mov'd by an *Inſtinct* of the *Spirit*, quitting her own Seat, ſought to place her ſelf in his *warmer Lap*: *Shadrach*, who was too knowing in Love-matters, to ſlip ſuch a lucky minute, had left his Chair with the ſame deſign: So that *friend Mehetabel*, in the dark, miſtaking, (as being *forſaken by the Light*, which ſhe had firſt forſook) waked *ſleepy Nehemiah*, who prov'd the next Man upon whom ſhe ſtumbled, with her eager Careſſes; which he not returning in kind, the *poor Siſter*, finding her ſelf in a miſtake, had juſt forſaken this *drone*, and fix'd her ſelf in her own place, when, behold! *Ephraim* returning with the lighted Candle, pleas'd to find *friends* as mute and orderly as at a *ſilent Meeting*, began to *grieve within himſelf* for the raſh reproof he had given to a *Wife*, whom now he was willing to think honeſt; and taking her by the one hand, and by the other holding *Shadrach*, in this manner he held forth unto them: "I am ſo deeply afflicted in ſpirit, my dearly be-"loved, (*nodding his head to them both*) that I have ſo unadviſedly "caſt a reproach upon my *faithfull Spouſe*, and my *loving Friend*, that "I ſhall find no *eaſe within my ſelf*, unleſs it will pleaſe thee, *Sha-*"*drach*, to accompany her, and the reſt of *friends* to my habita-"tion; where thou ſhalt receive ſuch a *Teſtimony of Love* from us, "as ſhall fully convince thee of our Reſpects unto thee. Thus concluded the *Adventure* for the preſent: And *friends departed together in peace*, accompanied by *Shadrach Carnall*; who, we doubt not, by the contrivance of his *obliging Miſtriſs*, was bleſt with her laſt favours, without any further interruptions.

Having

Having given you an account of this *true* Comedy, let us say something of those which were promised us on the Stage.

Mr. *Durfey*'s *Richmond* Heiress has been Revis'd, and Acted several times, with Alterations and Amendments. We are to have this Winter a Play by him, call'd *Don Quixot*.

The Tragedy by Mr. *Banks*, which I told you was printed, has been lately publish'd; it's call'd *The Innocent Usurper*, or *the Lady Jane Grey*.

We are impatiently expecting a Play by Mr. *Dryden*; 'tis of the Nature of his *Spanish Fryar*.

We are also to have a Tragedy by Mr. *Southern*; a Comedy by Mr. *Crown*; and the Tragedy of *Pyrrhus*, by Mr. *H.*

I need not say any thing of Mr. *Congreve*'s *Double-Dealer*, (the only new Play since my last) after the Character which Mr. *Dryden* has given of it: Yet my Respect for its Author will not suffer me to omit the following Lines.

To Mr. *Congreve*: by Mr. *William Dove*.

SInce Inspiration's ceas'd, I fain would know
To whom thy wond'rous store of Wit we owe?
'Tis more than e're Philosophy could teach,
How Imperfection should Perfection reach;
Yet while thy Works with native Glory shine,
And sprightly Phrazes render them divine,
We think thou'rt sprung from the Prophetic Line.
How smooth the Current of thy Fancy glides!
It never ebbs, and knows no boist'rous Tides;
No lofty nonsence in thy Play appears,
With shew of Wit to please unskilfull Ears.
Thus we with pleasure, and with wonder view,
That charming Landskip which thy Fancy drew.
There, there, thy Genius revels in each Part,
And lavish Nature is improv'd by Art.
There's in thy Satire, as in Music, found
Something that's pleasing in the sharpest Sound.
Sure thy Soul acts in a divided State,
Free from the Body, and exempt from Fate!
Go on, great Youth, but as thou hast begun,
The Prize thou'lt merit e're the Race is run.
Thus fledg'd with honour, let thy Muse expand
Her infant Wings, and her swift Flight extend,
So far, till at the Last she may come nigh
Wycherly's Fame, and with his Glory vye.

Let's

Let Heroes have their praiſe as well as Poets; Here is a Latin Ode by Mr. *Lancelot Manning*, to Prince *Lewis* of *Baden*, which is very proper at this juncture; when that great Warrior is come to our *Engliſh* Court to viſit his Majeſty.

Sereniſſimo & Illuſtriſſimo *Ludovico* Principi *de Baden*, &c.

INvicte Princeps, curaq; cœlitum,
Quem militantem proſpiciens ſibi
Bellona fortunat, tuoſq;
Æmula diminuit triumphos!

Teſtis Tibiſcus *flumen, & impigro*
Semper recurrens gurgite Savius
Nunc tardus altas ſiſtit undas
Amne cadaveribus referto.

Creſcentis Ales ſignifer Imperi
Plaudens veternum vividus excutit.
Te dante vires & juventam,
Inſolitos didicit volatus.

Mœſtum Gelonus *vix caput erigens,*
Sperat frequentis ſcire moram necis;
Gallusq; miratus remotum,
Attonitus metuit propinquum.

Cum te ſalutat Rex Britonum, *canent*
Futura Faſtis ſæcla fidelibus,
Mirabilis proceſſit Annus,
Et gemini coiere Soles.

After theſe Verſes on a *German* Warrior take ſome Proſe, which is a Tranſlation of part of a Letter from Mr. *Leibnits*, one of the moſt learned men in that Counrry, to Mr. *Foucher*.

Of ſome Axioms in Philoſophy.

I agree with you, Sir, when you ſay that the Learned ſhould endeavour to find proofs for all important Truths that are capable of being prov'd. But this ought not to hinder them from advancing particular Problems till they have hit upon firſt Principles. Such is the method uſed by Geometricians.

Deſcartes ſeems to me not to have been exact enough in well grounding his Axioms, tho he has begun to Philoſophize, with the judicious Doubt which the Academics us'd to profeſs, in order to proceed to the Diſcovery of Truth.

Beſides, 'tis known that *Proclus*, and alſo *Apollonius*, had even then in a manner deſign'd to apply themſelves to the proofs of Axioms. But thoſe who love to deſcend to the particulars of Sciences, commonly neglect abſtracted and general Inquiries; and on the other ſide thoſe who dive into Principles, ſeldom concern themſelves about Particulars. For my part I equally eſteem both.

My Axiom, that Nature never acts *per ſaltum*, is of great uſe in Phyſics. For, deſtroying Atoms, ſmall Reſts, the Globules of the ſecond Element, and ſuch other Chimæra's, it rectifies the Laws of Motion. You are in the right, when you ſay that all Magnitudes may be divided *ad infinitum*; there are none of them ſo ſmall wherein we may not conceive an infinite Number of diviſions, which will never be exhauſted. But I do not ſee what harm this does, or what need there is to exhauſt them. A ſpace that is infinitely diviſible is paſt in a ſpace that is alſo infinitely diviſible.

Such Expreſſions as is this Axiom, *Extrema in idem recidunt*, go a little too far; as when we ſay that an Infinite is a Sphere whoſe Centre is every where, and the Circumference no where; they ought not to be taken in a ſtrict ſenſe: Nevertheleſs they are of uſe for Invention; much like the Imaginaries in *Algebra*. Thus a *Parabola* is conceiv'd to be like an *Elypſis* whoſe *Focus* is infinitely diſtant; and by this means we maintain a certain Univerſality in the Enunciations of *Conics*. The Calculation ſometimes carries us inſenſibly to Infinity; and thus one might conclude that at leaſt in caſe of a pretended infinite ſwiftneſs every Point of the Circle would be always in the ſame place, tho after all there can be no ſuch thing as an infinite ſwiftneſs or an infinite Circle. However this notion of an infinite Circle may yet be of uſe in calculating: For if the Analyſis ſhews me that the Radius of the Circle demanded, in the Plan that is given, is infinite, I will thence conclude that the whole Plan of the inquir'd Circle is the *Place* that is ſought. Thus tho I might not find what I ſought, that is, the Circle demanded, yet I ſhould find what I was to ſeek, that is, that the *Place* demanded is the Plan demanded, and that there is no ſuch Circle in that Plan.

For want of room I am forc'd to omit ſome Pieces, which you may have hereafter. Among the reſt ſome out of *Boetius*, concerning which I would write to the Gentleman who ſent them, if I knew where to direct a Letter to him.

A Song

A SONG for St. *Cecilia*'s Day,

By Mr. *Theo. Parsons*, Set to Muſick by Mr. *Finger*.

I.

CEcilia, *Look, look down and ſee*
A Tribute paid to Harmony,
A Tribute paid to Heav'n, and thee;
And while we Muſick's Praiſe rehearſe
In lower Notes and fainter Verſe,
Warm you, great Saint, your willing Quire
With your own Celeſtial Fire.
May you move on every String,
Warble Sweets in every Voice,
In every Note your gratefull Influence ſing,
And by your Aid confirm our happy Choice.

II.

Eldeſt of Arts, and Univerſal Spring
Of every Thing.
When Beings in a dark Confuſion lay,
Thy Voice the ſullen Gloom did chaſe,
Matter did its Forms embrace,
And Chaos *fled before the new-born Day:*
Heav'n look'd, and all things good did ſee
For each, and all was Harmony.

III.

Parent of all! thou ſtill doſt ſway,
And o'er this lower World preſide:
Man and his Paſſions thee obey
As meaner Waters the commanding Tide,
Or that, the Moon's imperious Ray.
Beauty may wound th' unguarded Eyes,
And ſlowly creep into the Heart;
But Muſick quick as Lightning flies,
The Pleaſure dances with the Smart;
And melts, and trills thro' every Part:
Without the Magick of the Fair,
We love, we ſigh, and we deſpair,
We catch at Sounds, and graſp the fleeting Air.

IV.

Hark! hark! the Trumpet *calls to arm;*
What Vein ſo drowzy feels not the Alarm,
And wakes not at th' inſpiring Charm?
The Warlike-Horſe already paws,
And neighs aloud his warm Applauſe.
In vain is now the ſoftning Flute,
In vain the Warbling of the Lute,
Or the Gay Violin's *perſwading Airs.*
The Philtre glides ſucceſsleſs thro' our Ears:
Even Celia's Voice *no more can tame*
The forward Hero's Luſt of Fame;
A Charm might vanquiſh, if apply'd,
A Mad-man's Frenzy or a Woman's Pride;
Temper with Hope the Lover's fears,
(*An* April *Shine to gild his Tears*)
The Weather of our Happineſs debate,
Softer than Love, yet abſolute as Fate.

V.

But oh! More ſubtle Vertue flows,
Such jarring Paſſions to compoſe;
Still, ſtill the Work, oh! Sacred Harmony, is thine:
We hear, and ſtrait the ruffled Soul,
Is ſtill: The Billows ceaſe to roll,
The ſwelling Streams decline,
And every wounded Faculty is whole.
Thus at the Shepherd's tunefull Cry,
Divided Flocks together fly;
The Rivulets their Murmurs ceaſe,
Without a Breath of Wind the Trees,
And ſmiling Nature's all around at Peace.

Grand CHORUS.

Tune all your Inſtruments aloud,
Glad Voices mingling with the chearfull Croud:
Sacred be your hallowed Lays,
Sacred to *Cecilia's* Praiſe:
Thus we'll gratefull Offrings bring,
Yearly thus her Praiſes ſing;
Till joyn'd in Chorus with Our Saint above,
We take a Nobler Theme, to prove,
By endleſs Harmony, Immortal Love.

These Verses in Praise of Harmony, put me in mind of a Treatise of its Natural Grounds and Principles, which Dr. *Holder*, Fellow of the Royal Society, has lately given us. You that love to enquire into the Springs and Reasons of Things, will read with satisfaction what he says of Sounds in General; Of Sound Harmonic, Of Consonancy and Dissonancy, Of Concords, Of Proportion, Of Discords and Degrees, Of Differences, and particularly of the Ancient Greek Musick.

We are promised in a little Time another Mathematical Treatise. 'Tis to be entituled *Horological Disquisitions* concerning the Nature of Time. By *John Smith*, A. M.

Also a *Practical Discourse of Humility*, by Dr. *Edward Pelling*.

Bishop *Barlow*'s Remains containing near a 100 distinct Subjects, Theological, Philosophical, Historical, *&c.* have been lately published from that learned Prelate's original Papers.

The *Treatise of the Scituation of the earthly Paradice*, from the French of the learned *Monsieur Huet*, is now published with a Preface, by Dr. *Gale*.

We have also the second Volume of *Monsieur de St. Evremont*'s admirable Essays: Englished by Mr. *Thomas Browne* and others; and the first Volume is to be translated a-new.

A small French Book, of which I also gave you an Account in some of my former, has been lately Englished; and indeed such Treatises ought to be chiefly recommended, as are an *Antidote against a careless Indifferency in matters of Religion:* Such is that; the Objections of *Atheists*, *Scepticks*, *Libertines*, *Latitudinarians*, &c. Being succinctly answer'd in it. An Introduction has been added by Dr. *Horneck*.

You must needs read with Pleasure the Memoirs of *Monsieur de Pontis*, which were lately published, since they contain many remarkable Passages, relating to the War, the Court, the Government of *Henry* the IVth. *Lewis* the XIIIth. and *Lewis* the XIVth. of *France*, in whose Armies that Officer serv'd 56 Years. This Translation, which was made at the desire of the Duke of *Ormond*, and dedicated to the Heir of his Virtues and Titles, is a posthumous Work; but it had been enough to have told you, that *Charles Cotton* Esq; compleated it, to have recommended it to your Perusal.

We have an Account of *Denmark*, as it was in 1692, which contains many particular observations.

The Ladies Dictionary is now in the Press.

We have now, The Great Historical, Geographical and Poetical Dictionary; which is a Work of such a Variety and Extent,

that it may be ſaid to be a whole Library, and moſt neceſſary to all ſtudious Perſons. Such Improvements have been made out of the beſt Hiſtorians, Chronologers and Lexicographers; as, *Calviſius*, *Helvicus*, *Iſaacſon*, *Marſham*, *Baudrand*, *Hoffman*, *Lloyd*, *Chevreau* and others, but more particularly out of *Moreri*'s Sixth Edition, corrected and enlarged by Mr. *Le Clerck* in two Volumes in Folio, That this vaſt Engliſh Miſcellany may be eſteem'd one of the moſt compleat and vniverſal Book in that kind.

I need not recommend to you any more the Tranſlation of the moſt merry and ingenious Works of *Rabelais*. I ſhall only add, that as they have deſerved the Praiſes of the moſt learned Men, and have been tranſlated into *German*, and alſo into *Low-Dutch*, after above fifty Editions of them in French; Engliſh is the only Language into which they could be ſafely rendred; ſince *Spain* and *Italy* are countries where, by reaſon of the Inquiſition, ſuch a Satire, as partly expoſes the Popiſh Fopperies, would not have been ſuffer'd to appear.

Mr. *Tate*'s familiar Epiſtle to Mr. *Baldwin* the Bookſeller, who publiſhes the Engliſh *Rabelais*, will ſpeak its Praiſe better than any thing I could ſay in its behalf: You have it here; for ſo fine a Satire cannot be too much diſperſed.

To the Publiſher of the Tranſlation of *Rabelais*.

WHat's here? Plain-dealing Rabelais *come abroad,*
Spruc'd up with Coſt, and in the neweſt Mode!
Dick, *art thou mad? haſt no Conſideration!*
Still playing th' honeſt Wight in thy Vocation,
And Printing dang'rous Truths to ſerve the Nation.
The Times need ſuch a Satiriſt, *you'll Say,*
As do's impartially about him lay,
And Rab'lais *ſpares no Knave that comes in's Way.*
Dick, *thou meanſt well, and well thy Author meant;*
He laſh't the former Age —— but what's th' Event?
Has Reformation of one Vice enſu'd?
No! —— Whipping makes old Lechers but more lewd.
Have public Cheats or private ſince been found
To loſe, or Truth to get an Inch of Ground?
Thy Rabelais, Quixot's *hum'rous Author too,*
Have done what ridiculing Wit cou'd do;
Have Vanity expos'd in true Groteſque,
But might as well have preach't as writ Burleſque.

Quevedo

Quevedo *to the former Pair admit,*
To make a great Triumvirate of Wit:
One Convert ſhew by what all Three have writ.
Is baniſh't Juſtice ſince to Earth arriv'd?
Religion or Morality reviv'd?
Havock in Field encroaching Tyrants make,
With Drum and Trumpet keep the World awake.
Repair to th' Hall, and There the clam'rous Bar
Preſents you with another Scene of War.
As conjur'd up by ſome infernal Charm,
Attornies, Petti-foggers, Pleaders ſwarm.
A Block-head muſt be fee'd, and waited on,
For that Advice by which you are Undone.
While Plaintiff and Defendant madly ſtrive,
Both Parties ſtarve to make the Locuſts thrive.
They who belong to th' Lott'ry of the Law
Are only ſafe, while Blanks the Clients draw.

Or, Tell me, is our Tribe of Quacks decreas'd?
Or leſs the Catalogue of the Deceas'd!
Are Bullets more deſtructive than the Pill?
Therefore, Add Doctor *to the* Weekly-Bill.

Has Biggottry to make a Man turn Sot,
Or Prieſt-craft how to menage Fools forgot?
Or is not, when a Paſtor ſhifts his Place,
A fatter Benefice the Call of Grace?
Have ye ne'er ſeen a Drone poſſeſs at eaſe
What would provide for Ten Induſtrious Bees?
The Plodding Citt grows rich: —— his graceleſs Son
Turns Wit and Beau, drinks, whores, and is undone.
What Rank or Sex (for, Dick, *thou lov'ſt to ſpeak*
The beſt of Matters) their old Meaſures break?
How few have quitted their accuſtom'd Round,
That firſt do's others, then Themſelves confound?
Towns, Countries are but Copies of each other,
One half's Impertinence, and what is t'other:

But Speech and Mode's refin'd —— Ay, to our Coſt!
Breeding's improv'd Integrity is loſt.
Your humble Servant Sir —— *The Courtiers Note,*
That's in plain Engliſh —— Sir, I'll cut your Throat:
Believe me Sir, your Friend or y' are unjuſt:
An Aſs you are if you believe or truſt.

He calls you back —— Depend upon't as done;
His next Words are —— The Credulous Coxcomb's gone.
Say, is the very Sphere of Learning free?
Still old Abuſes reign, and ſtill we ſee
Science made Cant, and Nonſenſe Myſtery.
Blind Form and Cuſtom in the Van appear
Of ev'ry Order, Int'reſt in the Rear.

Pimps, Pandars, Stallions, Buffoons, Paraſites,
Setters, Suborners, Sharpers, Pillory-Knights,
Cheats, Cullies, Bravoes, Cowards, Hypocrites;
This Spawn, with more that of their Rank you'll find,
Make half the Gallamaufry of Mankind.

Unjuſt or vain Deſires our Minds employ;
But ſenſleſs Cares the Miſer's Reſt deſtroy,
Who fears to loſe what he can ne'er enjoy.
Why ſtarv'ſt, thou Wretch? —— I'm Thrifty and would ſave——
For whom? For thoſe will Piſs upon thy Grave.
Make but your Will, fall ſick, and ſpeechleſs lie,
You'll ſee their kind Returns before you die?
Your Heir, Executors, and Legatees
Will all diſperſe, what you bequeath'd to ſeize;
Not one to raiſe you, fainting in your Bed,
Or lift the Cordial Julep to your Head.
The Fool and Wit, when once depriv'd of Breath,
Have equal Senſe, and both the Feſt of Death.
What diff'rence, when into Earth's Clutches got,
Between the Slothfull and the Buſie Sot?
Betwixt Ambition, Fortunate or Croſt,
To have gain'd Never, *or for* Ever *Loſt?*
What e're on Earth engages our Eſteem,
Our Fear, or Anger, All's a Sick-Man's Dream.

The World's a Farce, which do's with Youth begin,
Moſt Men have Parts in the Fantaſtick Scene,
A Natural Scaramouch *or* Harlequin.
The Number of Spectators are but Few,
Who unconcern'd the frantick Medley View.
Yet —— *As by witty* Rabelais *'tis Expreſt,*
Life's Idle Droll's an entertaining Jeſt.

The firſt Enigma in my laſt, is *Paint*. The ſecond, *the Eye*. The Solutions which I received of the Firſt, were ſubſcribed *Parthenope. J. S. M. M. Richard Dring, Sarah Hall, Lucia C. F. F. Urania, Scaronides*, the three latter in Verſe.

To the Lady *S.* on her Enigma on *Paint*: by *B. C.*

NO Painted Beauty *e're could fully pleaſe,*
Till your Diviner Art beſtow'd this Dreſs:
Thus, What was deſpicable Droſs before
Your ſacred Touch refines to wealthier Ore!
New Charms you thus create, which may contemn
Th' injurious Pow'r of all devouring Time.

A Lady who with the name of *Chærander* conceals her own, ſolv'd it alſo, thus

NAtures *grand Filt, in her falſe Colors drawn,*
As eas'ly we ſee thro', as Clouds of Lawn.
Appearances charm fools: but ſtill the wiſe
Nothing but firm Realities will prize.
Thou'll know a Sinner, tho' ſhe ſeems a Saint,
And ſee her nauſeous Face beneath its Paint.
Nature in vain by Art you wou'd refine;
Your Stroaks are Counterfeit, but her's Divine.

Take alſo this Diſtich on the ſame Subject by *Roſalinda*.

THoſe *Women that have Beauty, Wit or Grace*
Will ne'er be guilty of a painted Face.

Both were ſolved by Mrs. *Anne Hatton, Eliz. B. Fran. Row, John Thompſon, R. R. W. W. Philænigma, Oedipus, Blackcap, Jo. Franſham, J. A.* and *Artemiſia*. The four latter in Verſe; for want of room I cannot inſert 'em all.

To *Urania* on her Enigma, by *Artemiſia*.

I'm glad I can ſee
How ingenious you be,
To make Riddles of black and gray Eyes:
But 'tis certainly true
You've forgotten the Blue,
Tho' you ſee it ſo oft in the Skies.

ENIG.

ENIGMA I. by Mr. *J. Freeman.*

IN a ſmall Cell I live, that's arch'd over head
Not with Stone, Brick, or Plaiſter, Wood, Silver, or Lead.
I am gratefull to all, from the Clown to the Prince;
Yet excepting my Feeling I want ev'ry Sence.
Tho' ſometimes in Dainties and Wealth I abound,
I'm ſometimes ſo poor that I lie on the Ground;
No Liquor nor Food in my houſe to be found.
I Travel as well by Night as by day,
And am ſeldom or never found out of my way.
If you touch but my door, tho' I can't ſee or hear
(As already I told you,) yet I know you are there.
If you rap ne'er ſo gently, as I live all alone,
I ſtrait make all faſt, and will open to none.
For, to open my door when with force you contrive,
I'm turn'd out of Doors, robb'd, and buried alive.

ENIGMA II. by *F. F.*

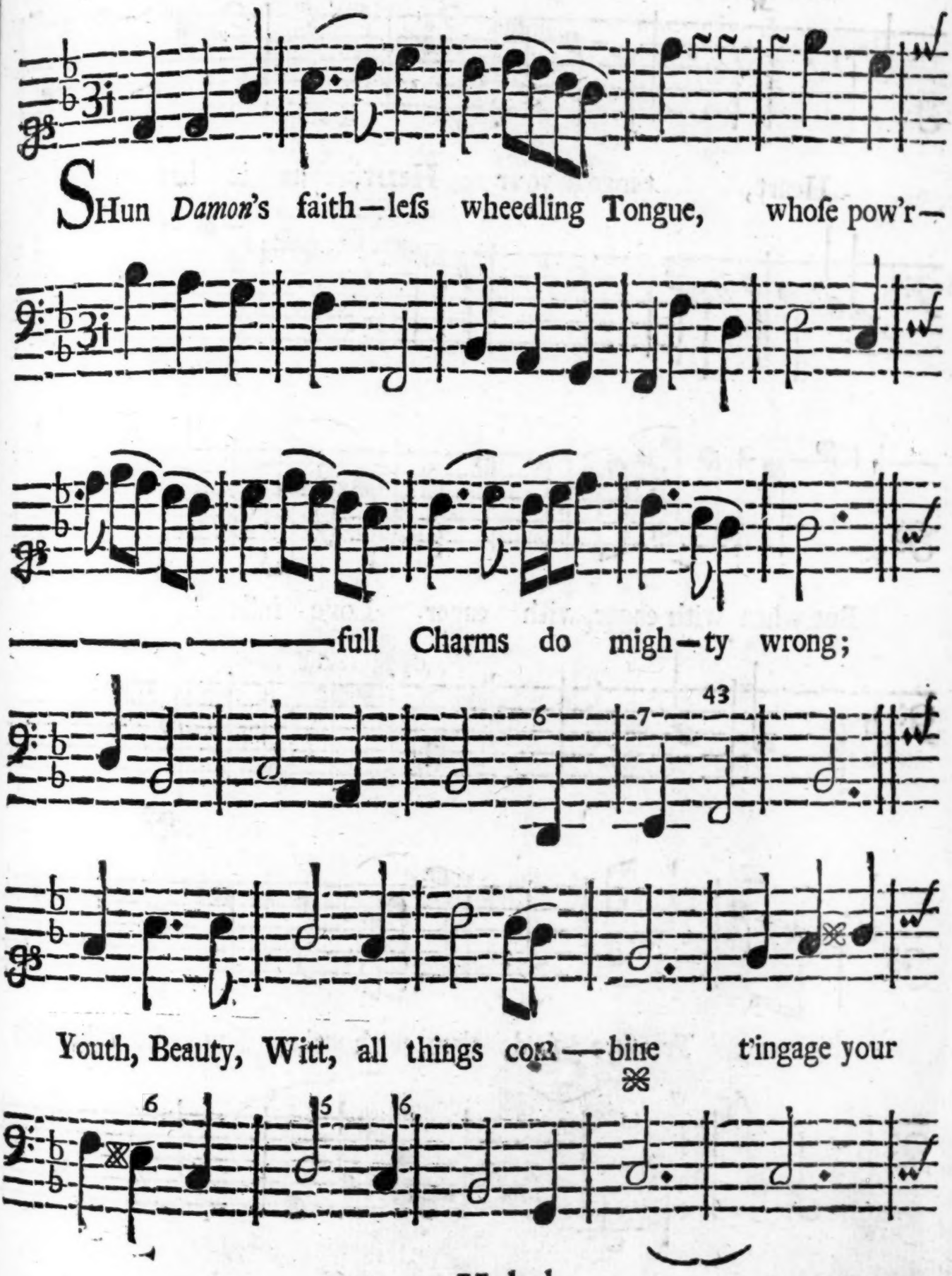
THo' always I travel, I'm always at home,
And am robb'd by my Neighbours where-ever I come.
My Birth there's none living could ever remember,
And yet I'm as young as this preſent November.
My ſhape is but crooked, yet pleaſant to view;
Calm and cold is my Temper, and pale is my Hue:
Yet when I'm enrag'd, I ſwell and grow red,
And none can againſt me preſume to make head.
Women and Children I often affright,
But Men to my company kindly invite.
When ever I vouchſafe to take to a ſide,
I victory bring, and the battle decide;
No quarter I give, but with mercileſs Roar,
Battalions and Squadrons at once I devour.

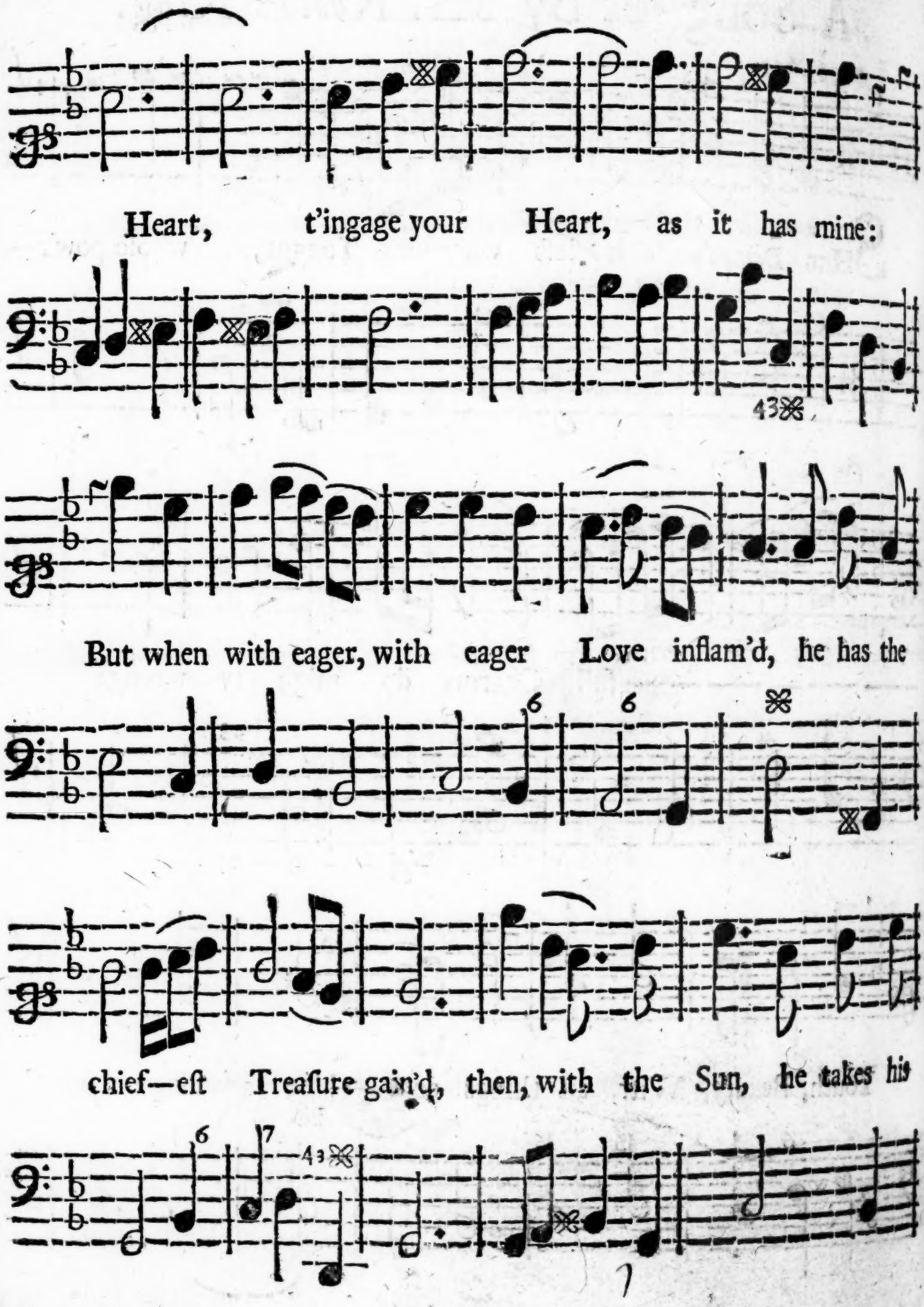
SIR,

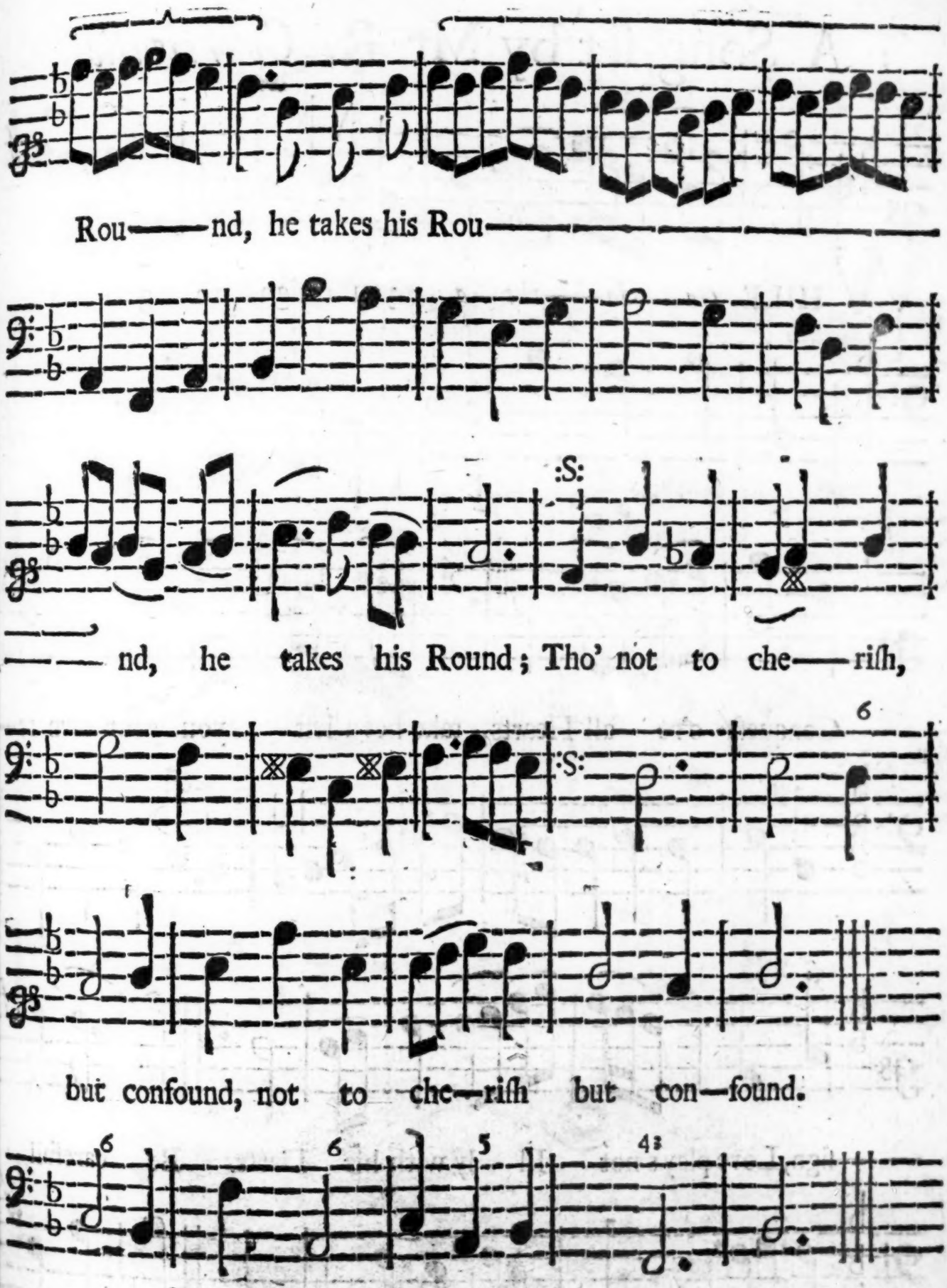
I am your humble Servant,

P. M.

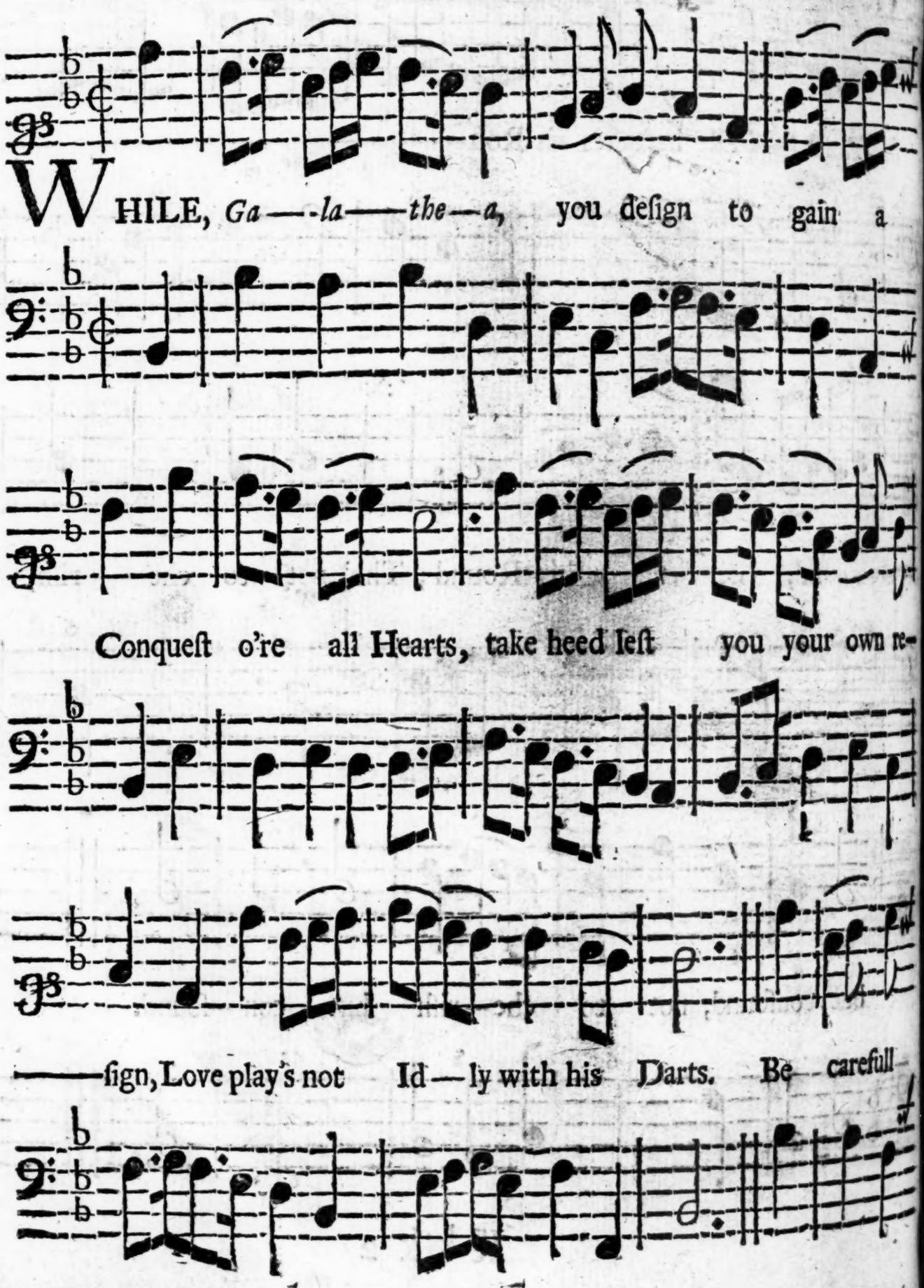
A Song ſet by Mr. *Robert King*.

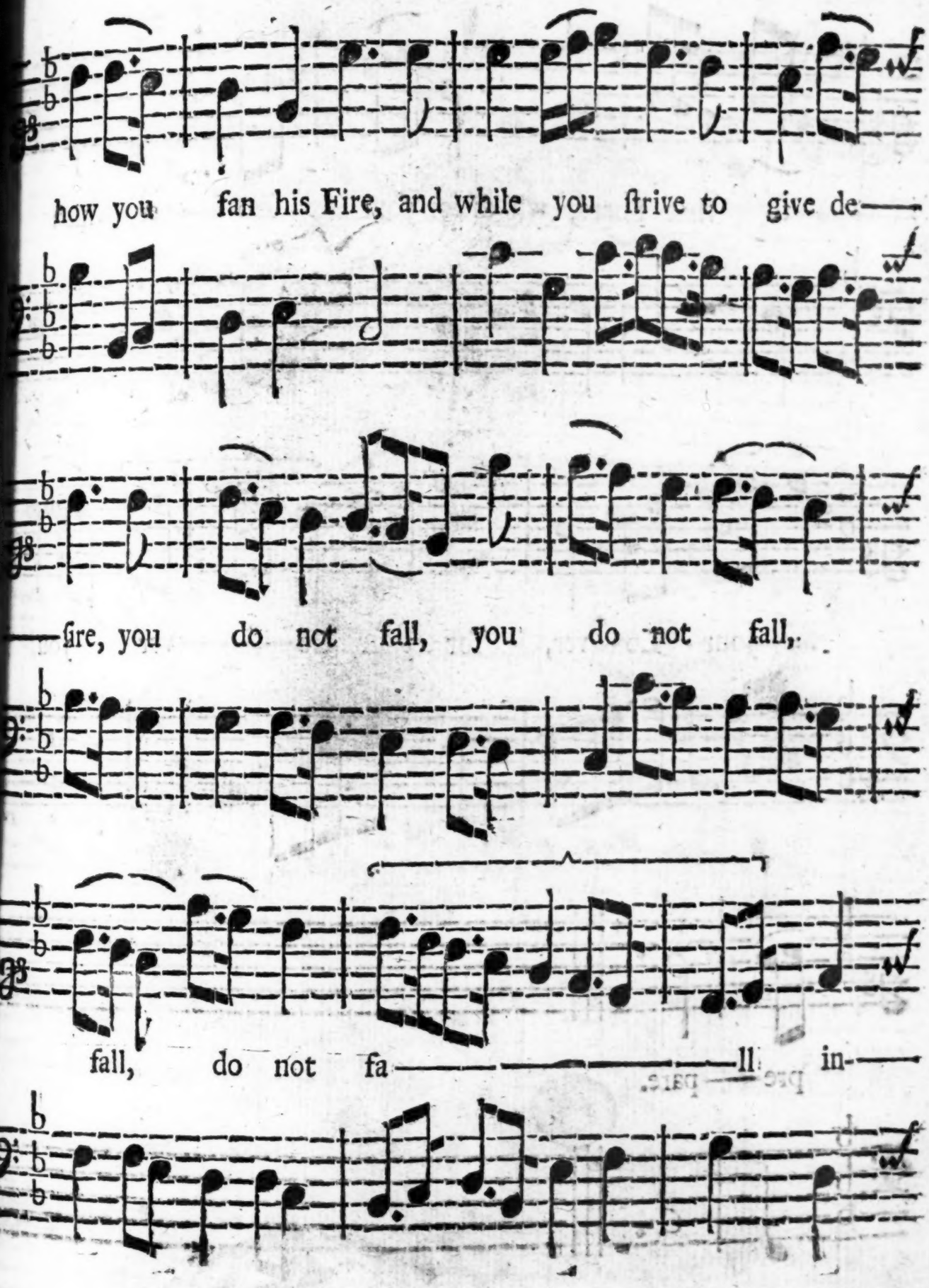


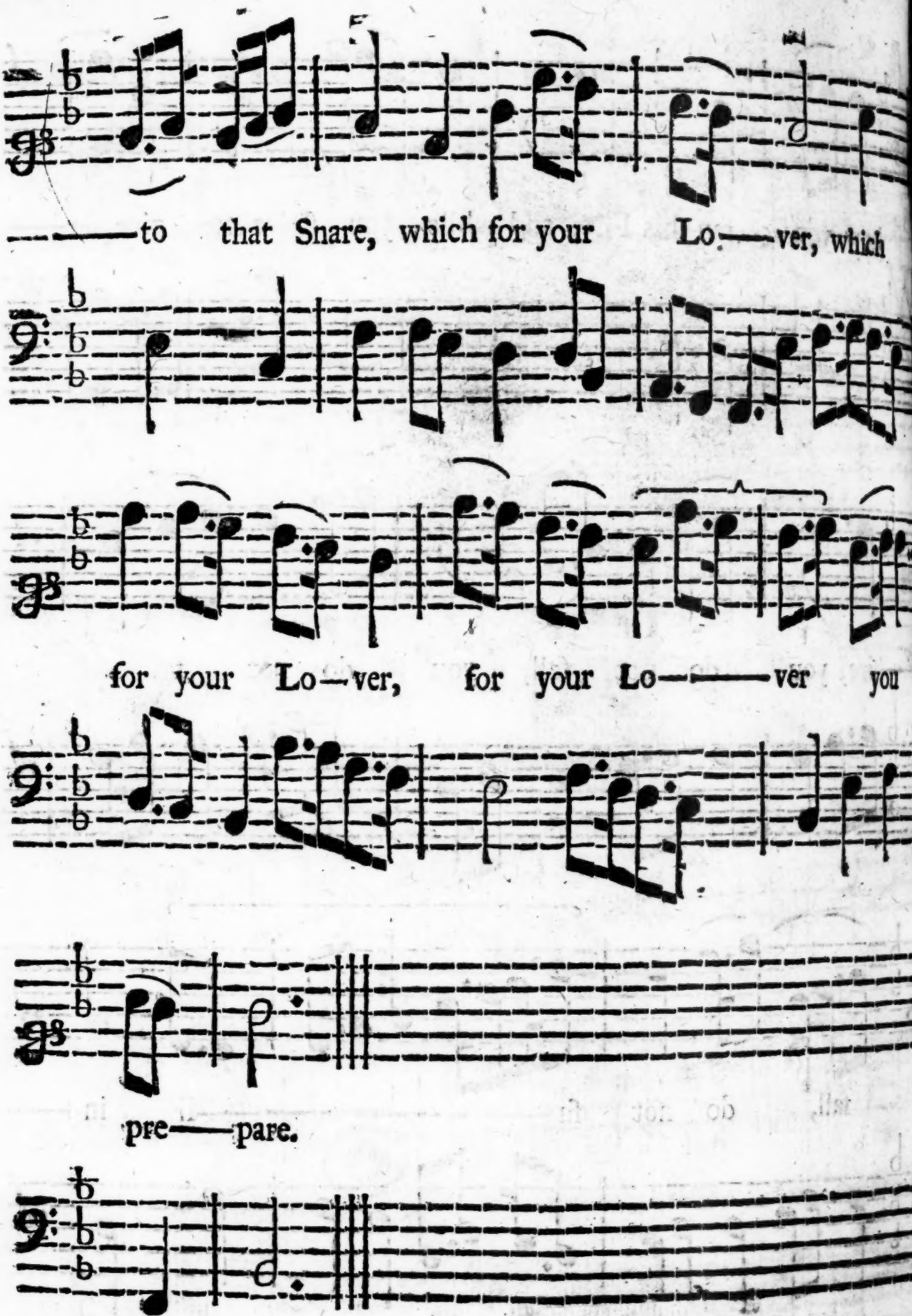
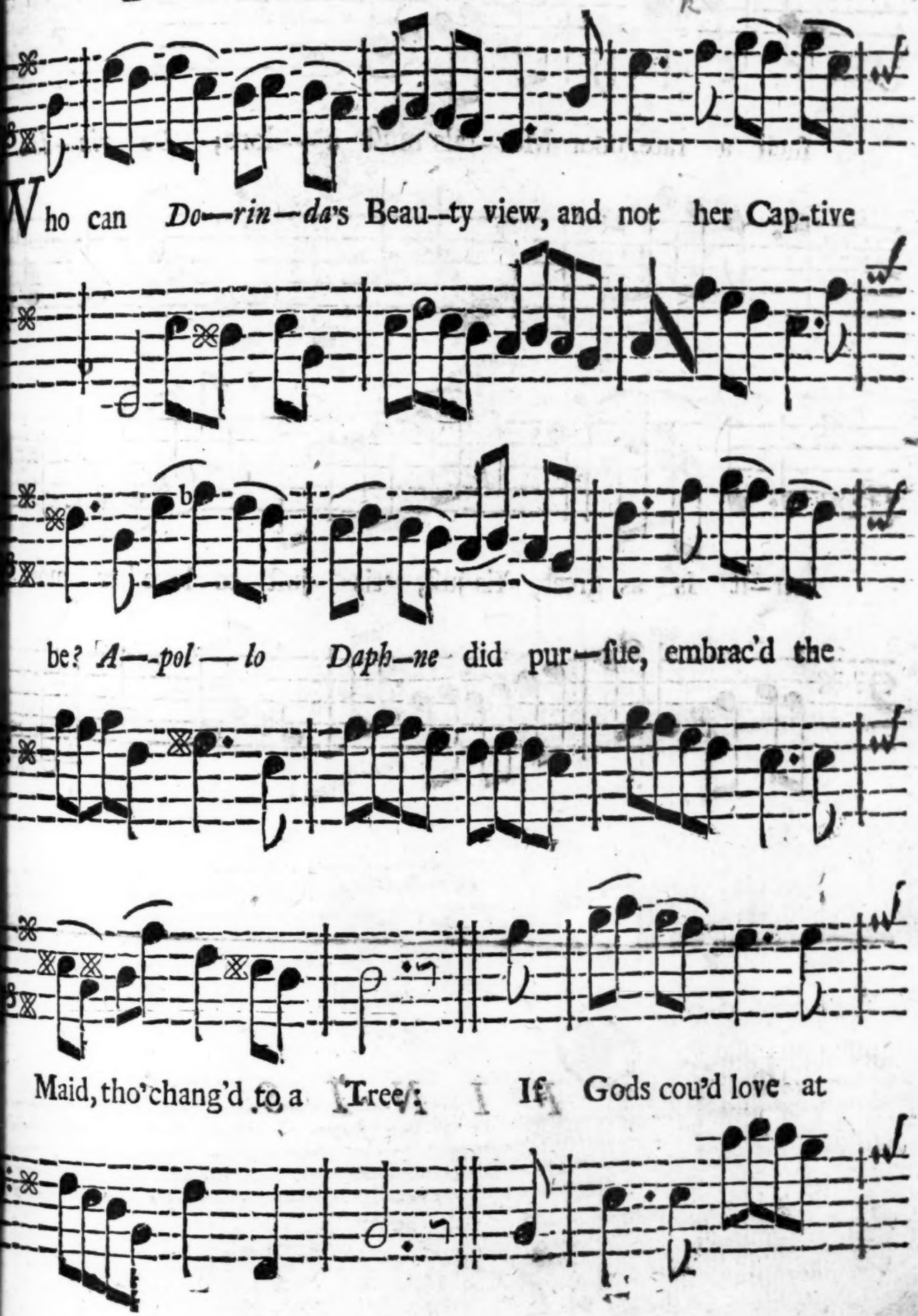

Heart, t'ingage your Heart, as it has mine:
But when with eager, with eager Love inflam'd, he has the
chief—eſt Treaſure gain'd, then, with the Sun, he takes his


Rou——nd, he takes his Rou——
——nd, he takes his Round; Tho' not to che——riſh,
but confound, not to che—riſh but con—found.

A Song set by Mr. R. *Courtiville.*




how you fan his Fire, and while you ſtrive to give de——
——ſire, you do not fall, you do not fall,
fall, do not fa——ll in——


to that Snare, which for your Lo—ver, which
for your Lo—ver, for your Lo———ver you
pre——pare.

A Song ſet by Mr. *Alexander Damaſcene.*